CWP21, 34/31

EXTEMPORE LINES

On the DEATH of the

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY,

By a FRIEND.

THRICE happy Friend! Servant of God farewel!
Thou'ſt left our world, in brighter worlds to dwell!
Thy labour's o'er, and now thy harveſt's come,
And joyful Angels ſhout thy welcome home:
The Seraph bands raiſe more melodious ſongs,
And loftier praiſes echo from their tongues,
To ſhout thy welcome to their glorious ſphere,
The rich reward of all thy ſufferings here;
While Jeſus, ſmiling, points thy radient ſeat
And ſtarry throne, in that celeſtial ſtate;
Saying, well done! my dear and faithful ſon,
Come, take thy Crown, thou haſt the vict'ry won!
Yet, though to this bleſt ſtate we ſee him borne,
His loſs below——the Church muſt ſurely mourn.
A GREAT MAN'S GONE! well may God's Iſrael cry!
And tears of ſorrow ſtream from ev'ry eye——
For WESLEY's DEAD! to whom high fav'ring heav'n
Had far ſuperior gifts and talents given,
Than any ONE we yet have known poſſeſs;
This all allow——and enemies confeſs.
When view'd, his learning, and his labours great——
His trav'ling, writings, preachings, and debate:
Valiant to ſpeak, to plead his maſter's cauſe,
To aſſert his honours and his injur'd laws
Againſt oppoſers, Jeſus' champion ſtood
Thro' perſecution's rage, a dreadful flood!
Chuſing to ſuffer with God's people here,
And wait rewards which did not then appear:
Inſpir'd by this, the goſpel preach'd to all,
As was his miſſion and his ſacred call;
Salvation, free for all of Adam's race,
Thro' Chriſt's atonement, love, and pard'ning grace!
CHRIST, EQUAL GOD! WITH FATHER AND WITH SPIRIT,
Thro' whom we hope for Heav'n, not from our merit.
Repent, believe, be ſav'd from ſin and pride,
For this you may, thro' JESUS CRUCIFY'D!

O! glorious Saviour! thou great ſource of love,
Since thou haſt call'd our teacher up above,
Strengthen us Lord, and help us to maintain
The faith he taught, while we on earth remain;
May we, like him, be faithful until death,
And ſpeak thy praiſes with our lateſt breath;
But if it pleaſe thee, ſtill let ſome inherit,
A double portion of great WESLEY's ſpirit,
To lead thy flock, and thy bold champion ſtand,
To preach and ſpread the goſpel thro' our land;
Theſe lines would ſay, good ſpeed, in Jeſus' name
God's word attend, and all who preach the ſame,
Friends of the Lamb, be ſtrong in faith and pray'r,
For ye are Heav'ns belov'd and fav'rite care;
Look up above, your rich reward is there,
And think from thence you ſtill your teacher hear
Say, "children, watch and pray, be bold, be ſtrong",
Still god-like counſels flowing from his tongue;
Pointing to Jeſus, your great conqu'ring friend,
Who will, e'er long, a flaming convoy ſend
To bear you ſafe from all your griefs and fears,
Where he'll reward and wipe away your tears:
There ſee your Friend high thron'd in realms of light,
Hoſannahs ſing to Jeſus day and night.
For this bleſt hope we gladly ſuffer loſs,
And bear a while his conſecrated croſs;
HATED, DESPIS'D, ENTHUSIASTIC FOOLS eſteem'd,
But while we know we are by Chriſt redeem'd,
We have a joy beyond their pow'r to tell,
That bears our Souls above ſin, death and hell.
O! give me, Lord, in this ſome humble part,
And never let me from thy love depart,
And I'm more happy far than Lords or Kings,
Who know thee not, but live on worldly things;
Their Kingdom, Power, and Joys [WITH LIFE SHALL CEASE
While mine ſhall LAST in brigheſt worlds of grace.

The memory of the juſt is bleſſed. PROV. X. 7.